

10¢

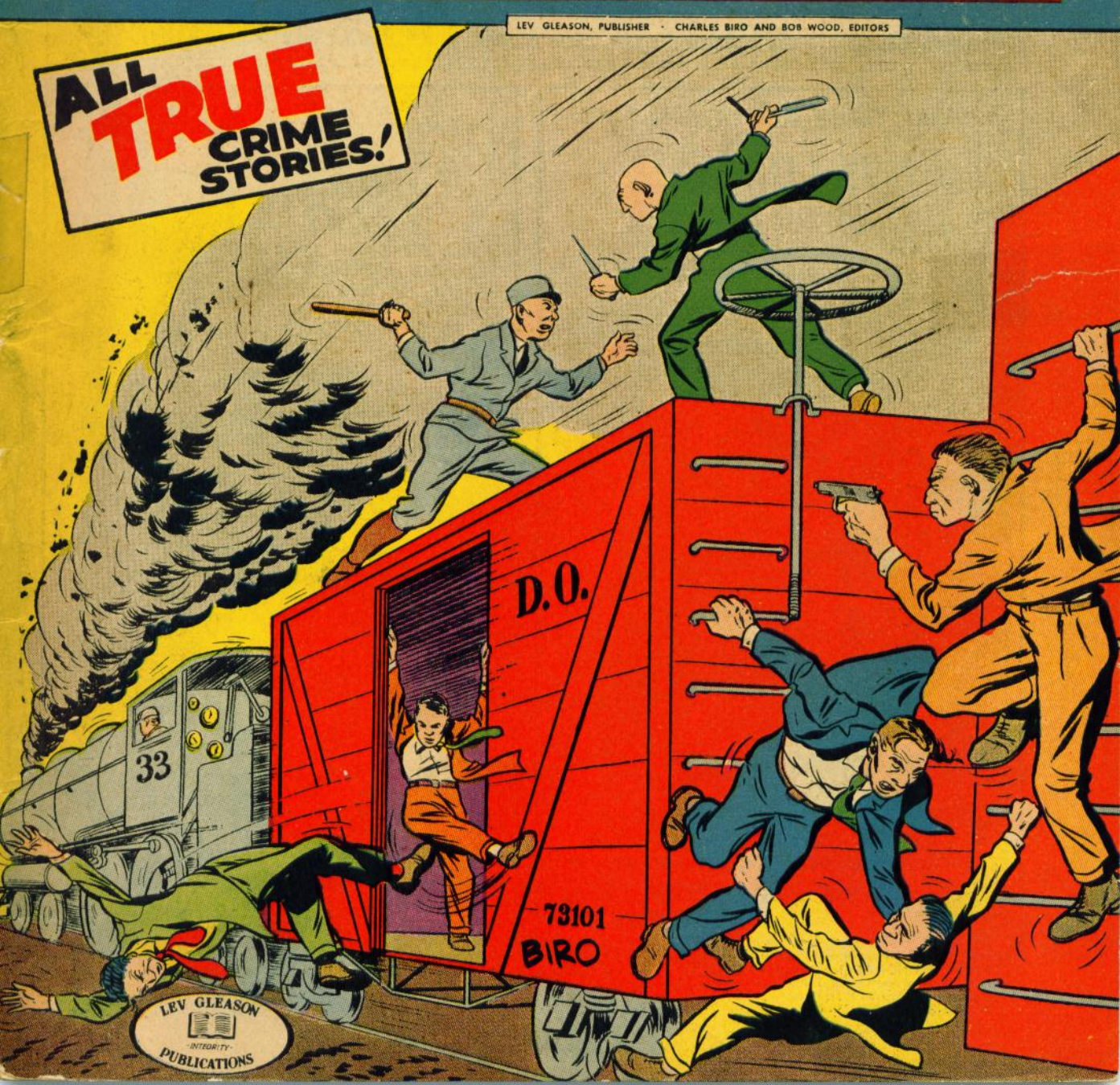
**CRIME**  
DOES NOT PAY  
NO. 37  
10¢

NO. 37

# DOES NOT PAY

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER • CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

**ALL TRUE  
CRIME  
STORIES!**







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM





# PUT THESE "REMINDER STAMPS" TO WORK HELPING YOU FIGHT WASTE IN YOUR HOME

THESE PICTURES OF FIGHTING  
EQUIPMENT ARE YOUR OFFICIAL  
"FIGHT WASTE" STAMPS

1. CONSERVE EVERYTHING YOU USE.
2. BUY ONLY WHAT IS NECESSARY.
3. SALVAGE WHAT YOU DON'T NEED.
4. SHARE WHAT YOU HAVE.

DESERT FIGHTERS KNOW WATER'S  
VALUE. DON'T WASTE WATER JUST  
BECAUSE IT'S PLENTIFUL.



*Fight  
WATER Waste!*

A TANK USES AS MANY LIGHT BULBS  
AS A HOME - AND EACH NEEDS  
CRITICAL TUNGSTEN.



*Fight Waste of  
ELECTRICITY!*

MANY HOMES WASTE ENOUGH  
FOOD EVERY DAY TO FEED A  
SOLDIER.



*Fight  
FOOD Waste!*

...ADDS GAS TANKS CARRY  
PLANES DEEPER INTO EVERY  
TERRITORY - NEED GAS!



*Fight  
GASOLINE Waste!*

THE SCRAP METAL YOU SALVAGE  
GOES RIGHT TO WAR. GET IN THE  
SCRAP!



*Fight Waste!*

THE PAPER YOU SAVE GOES INTO  
VITAL WAR MATERIAL - SUCH AS  
SUPPLY PARACHUTES



*Fight Waste!*

COMMUNICATIONS EQUIPMENT HAS  
GONE TO WAR. TOO. USE YOUR TELE-  
PHONE WISELY.



*Fight Waste!*

THERE ARE ONLY THREE WEEKS  
BETWEEN YOUR USED KITCHEN  
PATS AND AMMUNITION.



*Fight Waste!*

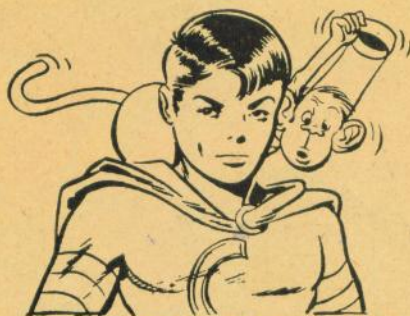
THE ONLY TRULY ALL BOY MAGAZINE

## BOY COMICS!

FOR  
BOYS!!

ABOUT  
BOYS!!

IS THE FIRST MAGAZINE  
TO GIVE THE AMERICAN  
BOY EXACTLY WHAT  
HE WANTS!!



**CRIMEBUSTER'S**

**GREATEST  
ADVENTURE**

CRIMEBUSTER AND SQUEEKS MEET  
THE CRIMINAL THAT LAUGHED AT THE  
PHRASE, "CRIME DOESN'T PAY"

**DON'T MISS IT!!** IN THE ISSUE OF **BOY COMICS**  
**OUT SOON !!**

A \$50,000 CRUISER,  
THE "TEMPEST" ON SALE  
FOR ONLY \$300!!  
YET NO TAKERS!!

**WHY?**

WHY DID DEATH COME  
TO ALL WHO TRIED TO  
SAIL THE "TEMPEST"?  
WHAT CREATED THE  
SICKENING ODOR?



**DAREDEVIL**  
AND THE  
**LITTLE WISE GUYS**  
FIND OUT AND SO  
CAN YOU IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE OF  
**DAREDEVIL**  
ON YOUR NEWSSTAND

**NOW!**





CRIME DOES NOT PAY

# 10 YEARS OF TERROR

## VINCENT PIAZZERO

HO, FOLKS!  
CLOSE YOUR  
WINDOWS, BOLT YOUR  
DOORS! I'VE TURNED  
THE RAGING TIGER LOOSE!  
HEH, HEH! OF COURSE  
VINCENT PIAZZERO IS  
NO ANIMAL, BUT HE'S  
JUST AS DEADLY, YES,  
INDEED... AND IF YOU  
DON'T BELIEVE ME,  
JUST ASK THE POLICE!  
HEH, HEH... YOU'LL  
SOON FIND OUT!

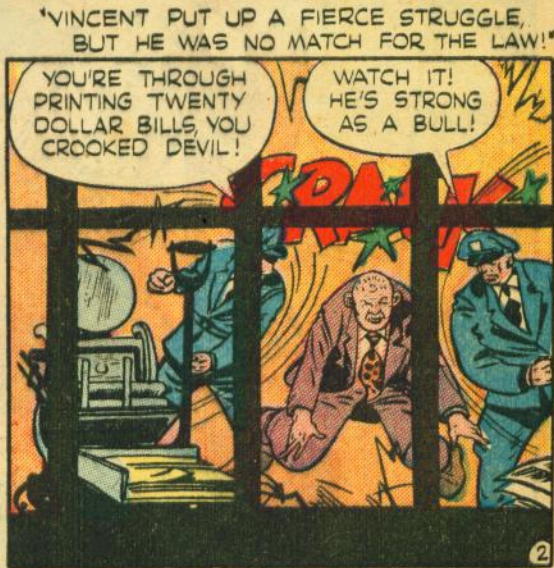
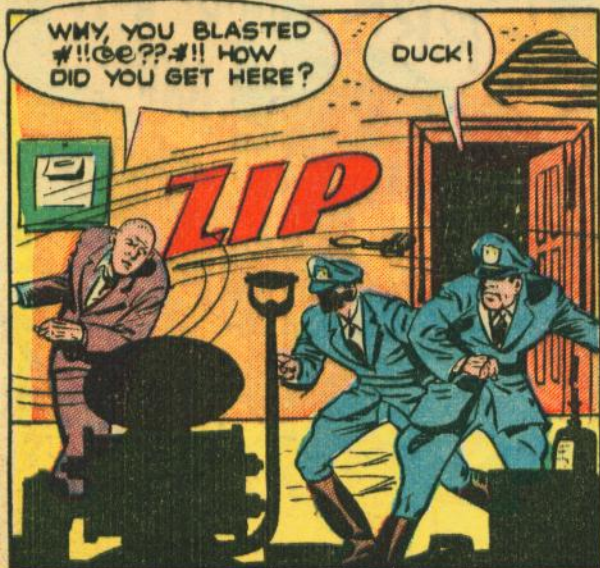
RRRR  
R-RRR  
GRRR

BEWARE  
MAD  
ANIMAL

R. PALAIS



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY





# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

"HEH, HEH! WHEN THEY CARTED MY PUPIL OFF TO PRISON, I WASN'T DISCOURAGED...NO, INDEED, FOR I KNEW THE CAREER HE HAD BEFORE HIM!"

PRISON! BAH! I SPIT UPON YOU ALL! I, VINCENT PIAZZERO, CAN'T BE LOCKED UP LIKE A MAD DOG!

I HAVE WORK TO DO... WORK IN THE OUTSIDE WORLD THAT NO ONE CAN STOP ME FROM DOING! DO YOU HEAR ME, FOOLS?

"HEH HEH, I WAS PATIENT, THOSE FIVE YEARS THE LAW KEPT VINCENT FROM ME... AFTER ALL, FIVE YEARS IS NOT FOREVER!"

FREE AT LAST! THOSE IDIOTS WILL PAY FOR THIS!

AH, YES, INDEED THEY WILL, VINCENT, BUT YOU MUST REMEMBER, THE POLICE ARE CLEVER, TOO!

WELL, FER...LOOK WHO'S HERE—THE FIVE-YEAR MAN HIMSELF! HA, HA!

HOW DID YA LIKE YER VACATION, PAL! HA, HA!

VERY, VERY FUNNY!

BUT I DON'T HAPPEN TO BE IN THE MOOD FOR JOKES!

W.WAIT!

I WAS ONLY JOKING!

JOKING! IT'S NO JOKE WHEN A MAN HAS BEEN IN PRISON FIVE YEARS!

R.PLEASE! DON'T CUT ME ANY MORE!

I'D KILL YOU IF I DIDN'T NEED YOU ALIVE! NOW GO SEE A TAILOR AND GET BACK HERE! WE HAVE WORK TO DO!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

"HEH, HEH, IT WAS THEN THAT REAL TROUBLE BEGAN TO BREW!"

ALL RIGHT, CHUCK, I'M GOING INTO THE BOOTLEGGING BUSINESS. YOU'LL OBEY ME WITHOUT QUESTIONS, UNDERSTAND?

WELL, NOW, VINCENT I WOULDN'T GET TOO TOUGH... YOU SEE... I... ER... KNOW SOMETHING THAT MIGHT INTEREST YOU...

VINCENT, YOU'D BETTER FIND OUT ABOUT THIS!

NO ONE THEATENS ME! SPEAK UP BEFORE I CUT YOUR HEART OUT!

ALL ALRIGHT, VINCENT! I'M JUST KIDDIN' YOUR DAUGHTER IS GOING OUT WITH TED TRAVERS!



"HEH, HEH, YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN VINCENT'S FACE!"

THE LITTLE WITCH! SHE WOULDN'T TELL ME, OF COURSE! THAT DOG TRAVERS NEVER WOULD!



YOU STAY PUT! I'LL BE BACK TO TALK BUSINESS! RIGHT NOW I'VE GOT SOMETHING ELSE TO TAKE CARE OF!



HO, VINCENT, I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU TO HAVE BLOOD ON YOUR HANDS SO SOON! YOU'RE A HARD ONE TO CONTROL!



HO, VINCENT! THERE THEY ARE, BUT BE CLEVER! DON'T KILL THEM RIGHT OFF! SHOW THEM YOU HAVE IMAGINATION!



HO, MY FINE FRIENDS! YOU WILL COME FOR A RIDE WITH ME, NO?

WH... WHY FATHER... WHAT IS WRONG?

THAT GUN! HAVE YOU GONE MAD?





# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

OH, NO, MY DEAR FRIENDS! I'M NOT MAD! AT LEAST NOT THE WAY YOU THINK!

WHAT DO YOU EXPECT TO ACCOMPLISH BY THIS? WHAT HAVE WE DONE?

PLEASE LET US GO, FATHER!

"HO, FOLKS, MY PUPIL HAD A FLAIR FOR DRAMATICS...IN AN OLD ROADHOUSE!"

MARCH, FELLOW! YOU GO IN AND WAIT...YOUR SWEET GIRL WILL STAY WITH ME FOR AWHILE...



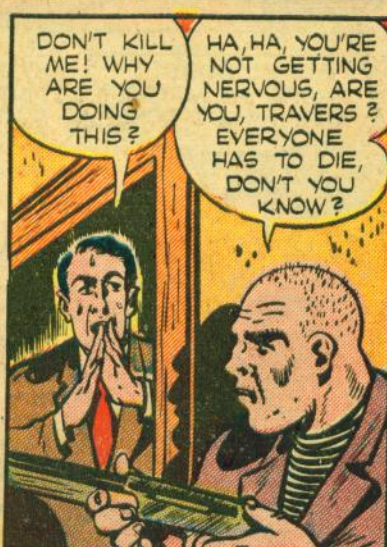
INSIDE, WOMAN! YOU WILL BE RELEASED LATER!

IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN, HAVE MERCY!

TRIVERS! CAN YOU HEAR ME? DO YOU KNOW WHAT I'M DOING? I'M LOADING A GUN, TRAVERS-A SHOT GUN! HA, HA, HA!

DON'T KILL ME! WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?

HA, HA, YOU'RE NOT GETTING NERVOUS, ARE YOU, TRAVERS? EVERYONE HAS TO DIE, DON'T YOU KNOW?



DIE!! I DON'T WANT TO DIE!! I WON'T! I WON'T!

# CRASH





# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



\*VINCENT'S WILD TEMPER DIDN'T INTERFERE WITH HIS BUSINESS, THOUGH.\*





# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

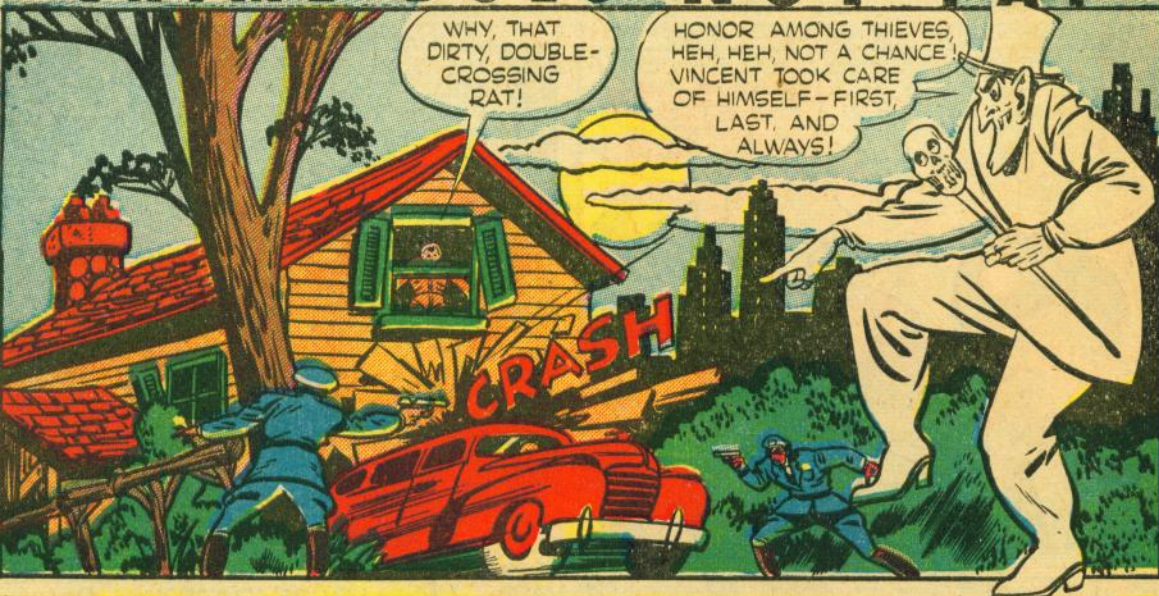
"SEVERAL YEARS PASSED AND VINCENT'S BUSINESS DID PROSPER...THE POLICE WERE DESPERATE!"

"VINCENT, IN THE MEANTIME, WENT BLISSFULLY ON HIS WAY!"





# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



"AND OF COURSE, THE CAPTURED STOOGES KNEW NOTHING ABOUT VINCENT TO TELL!"





# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

"THE CRIME CRAZE HAD REALLY STRUCK MY PUPIL NOW! SUCCESS HAD GONE TO HIS HEAD!"



HA, HA! THE BLASTED FOOLS! I'M TOO CLEVER FOR THEM ALL! I HAVE ONLY ONE MORE TO TAKE CARE OF!



AND NOW, I'VE WANTED TO KILL THAT DAUGHTER OF MINE, AND TRAVERS! HOW I HATE THEM! THEY'LL DIE FOR LAUGHING AT ME!



YOU!

YES, YOUR FATHER, DEAR! ARE YOU SURPRISED TO SEE ME? HA, HA, HA—I THOUGHT YOU'D BE!



BUT YOU WON'T HAVE TO FOR LONG! HA, HA, HA!

STOP! STOP!

GREAT HEAVENS! HE'S MAD!



FOR YOU, TOO, A SPECIAL TREAT! DEATH FROM A NICE, CLEAN BULLET!

"LIKE A WILD ANIMAL, VINCENT DISAPPEARED THAT NIGHT! HEH, HEH...HE THOUGHT ALL HIS VICTIMS WERE DEAD, BUT.."



TRAVERS, YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE LEFT ALIVE! TELL US WHO SHOT YOU!

I...I...WILL TELL YOU, BUT HE'LL GET ME, EVEN HERE! HE'S OUT OF HIS MIND...IT WAS VINCENT PIAZZERO!



HE'S A BAD ONE, BUT DON'T WORRY, WE'LL HUNT HIM DOWN NO MATTER WHERE HE HIDES!

I...I...HOPE SO, BUT HE'S UNCANNY! PEOPLE ARE AFRAID TO MENTION HIS NAME! HE SHOT US JUST OUT OF SPITE!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



HO, FOLKS, THE POLICE WERE WRONG! SIX MONTHS...A YEAR...PASSED AND STILL NO TRACE OF MY VINCENT! THEN, ONE EVENING IN CLEVELAND, OHIO...

LISTEN! WHOEVER YOU ARE, YOU'LL GET NO MONEY FROM US! NOW GET OUT! YOUR GUN DOESN'T FRIGHTEN US!

OH, SO...THEN, PERHAPS I SHOULD TEACH YOU A LESSON, MY FRIENDS!



A LESSON 'IN DEATH, MY STUPID HEROES! WHAT I WANT I TAKE! HA, HA, HA!

"NEEDLESS TO SAY, THE POLICE LOST NO TIME SPRINGING INTO ACTION! THEY FOUND THE GUN AND MY VINCENT'S FINGERPRINTS...BUT, HEH, HEH, THEY HAD THOSE BEFORE! WHAT THEY WANTED WAS VINCENT HIMSELF!"



THEY'RE PIAZZERO'S ALL RIGHT!

THAT BUTCHER...HE MUST HAVE GONE ALTOGETHER KILL CRAZY! NO ONE'S SAFE 'TIL WE CAGE THE MONSTER!

"HO, HO! VINCENT HAD SOME MORE FUN. SHORTLY AFTERWARD IN YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO..."



I SAY I WANT TO BUY HALF YOUR RESTAURANT FOR ONE THOUSAND!

I WOULDN'T SELL IT TO A FOOL LIKE YOU FOR TWICE THAT!

## RESTAURANT



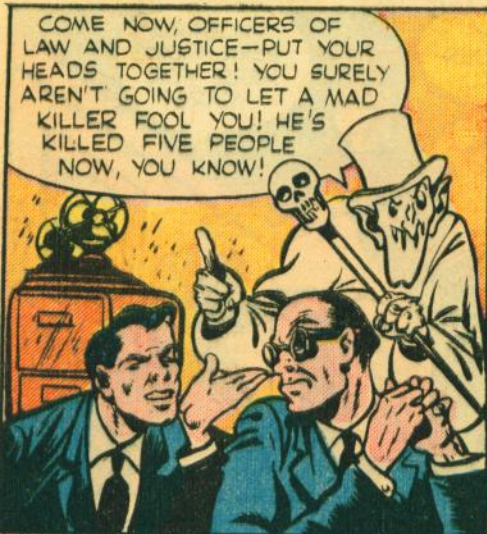
VERY WELL, THEN...YOU SHALL NOT HAVE IT EITHER!

NO! NO! NO! AGGHHHH!

BANG

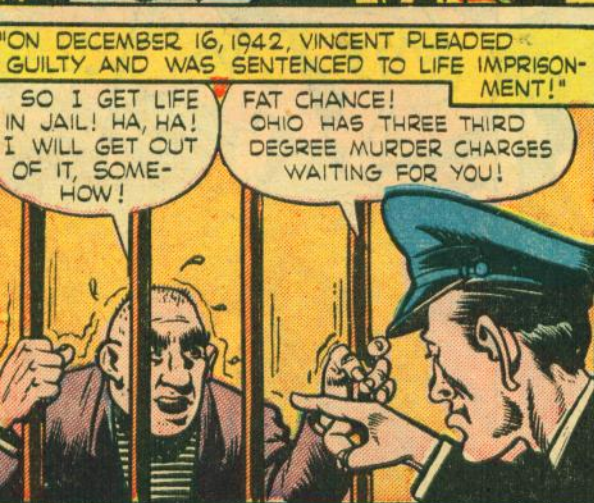
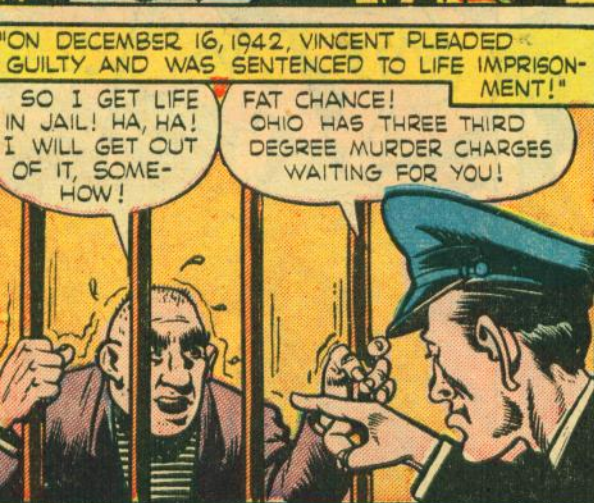
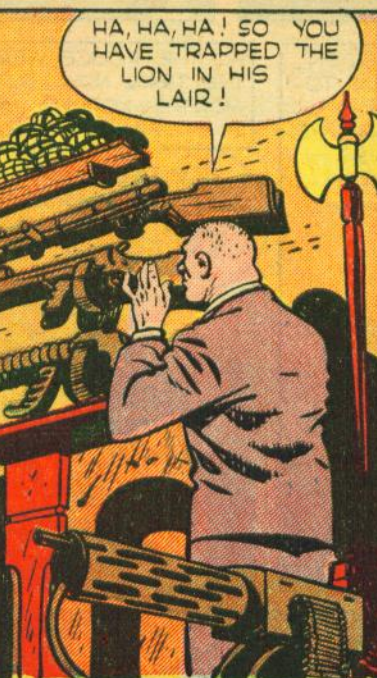


# CRIME DOES NOT PAY





# CRIME DOES NOT PAY





CRIME DOES NOT PAY

# Commoisseur OF CRIME

ART BY  
BOB Q.  
SIEGE

JEWELRY  
SHOPPE

HO HUM, LIFE IS  
SO SIMPLE WHEN ONE  
HAS BRAINS!.. AND OF  
COURSE THE RIGHT  
SOCIAL MANNER!

A TRUE  
CRIME  
STORY

ADAPTED FOR  
"CRIME DOES  
NOT PAY" BY  
DICK WOOD

The  
CRIMINAL  
CAREER OF  
DANIEL JOS,  
THIEF  
EXTRAORDINARY,  
WHO TRICKED  
ENGLISH JUSTICE  
IN A MOST UNUSUAL  
WAY UNTIL...

ON  
1942, DANIEL  
JOS  
WAS  
DISCHARGED  
FROM  
THE  
POLISH  
ARMY  
AFTER  
SERVING  
A  
SENTENCE  
FOR  
FRAUD!

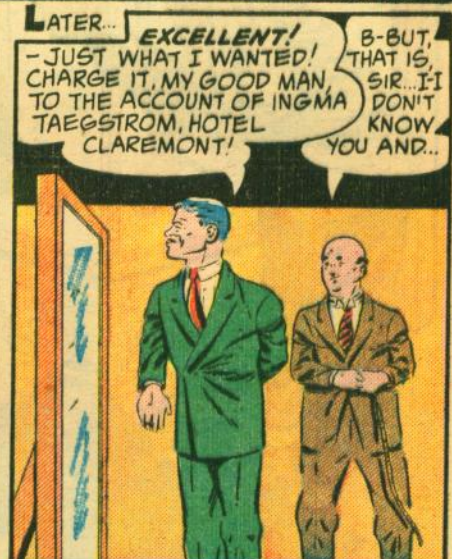
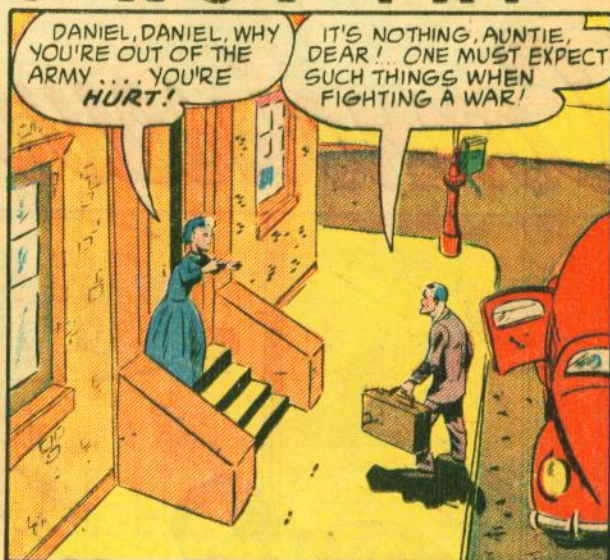
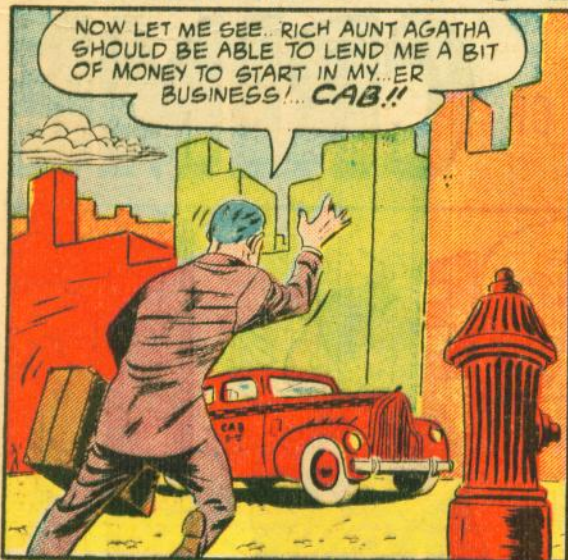
ALL RIGHT, JOS... HIT  
THE ROAD AND DON'T  
COME BACK! THE  
ARMY DOESN'T  
WANT CROOKS!

TUT, TUT, MY  
GOOD MAN...  
THE FEELING  
IS MUTUAL!

ARMY  
PRISON  
GATE  
3

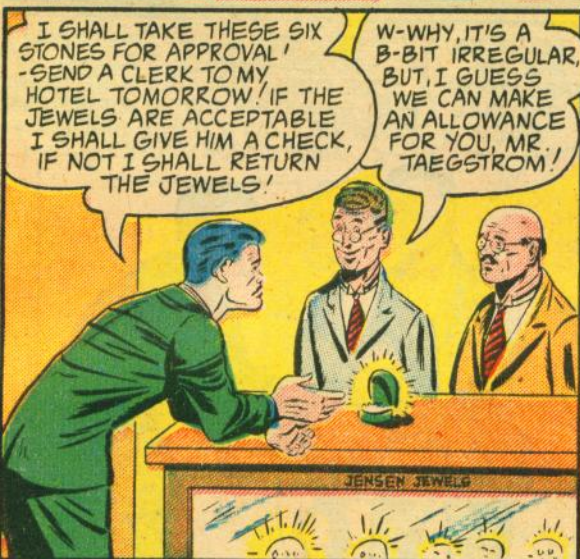


# CRIME DOES NOT PAY





# CRIME DOES NOT PAY





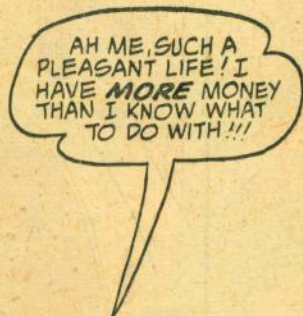
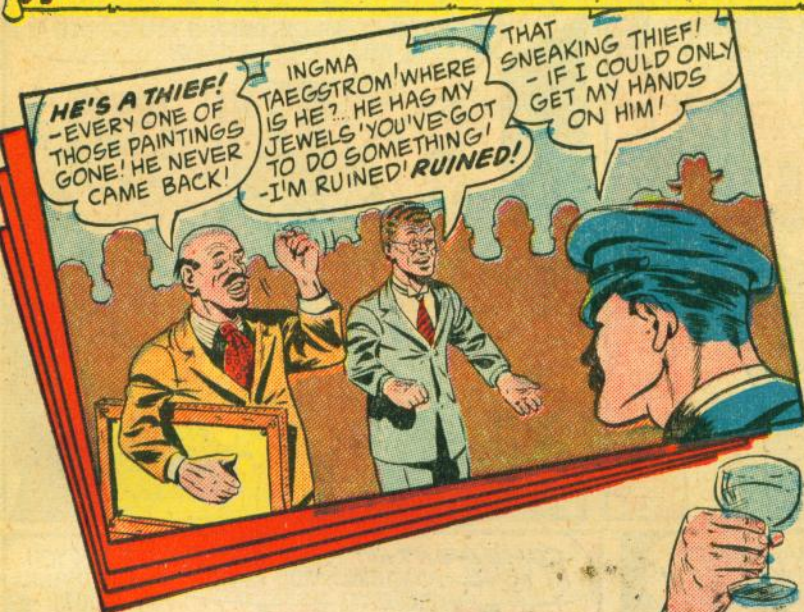
# CRIME DOES NOT PAY





# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

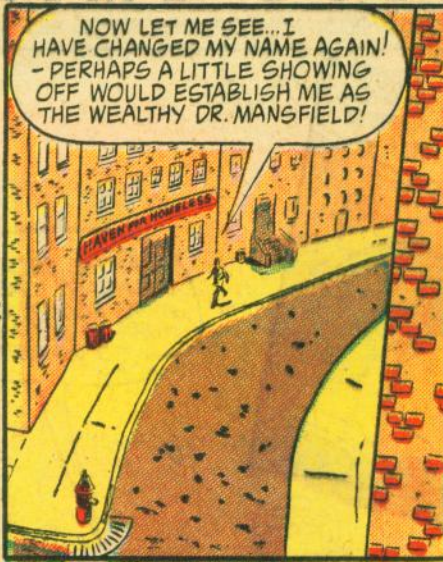
And SO DID DANIEL JOS CONTINUE HIS WILY GAME OF DECEIT! SOON HALF OF LONDON WAS WILD WITH RAGE!





# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

**HIS** POCKETS LOADED WITH MONEY, THE GAY DANIEL JOS DECIDED ON A SPECTACULAR MOVE!



NOW LET ME SEE... I HAVE CHANGED MY NAME AGAIN! - PERHAPS A LITTLE SHOWING OFF WOULD ESTABLISH ME AS THE WEALTHY DR. MANSFIELD!



YES, SIR!

I WANT ALL THESE GOOD PEOPLE TO ATTEND A PARTY THAT I'M GIVING AT MY HOTEL! I AM DR. DENNIS MANSFIELD! - I WILL LEAVE A CARD!

HAVEN FOR HOMELESS



That EVENING!

GREAT HEAVENS! - THOSE PEOPLE!! WHERE ARE THEY GOING?

IT'S DR. MANSFIELD! HE'S GIVING A PARTY FOR THEM IN THE BALL ROOM!



COME RIGHT IN! MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME... ANYTHING YOU WANT TO EAT!

THANK YOU... - OH, THANK YOU!...



BUT, DOCTOR MANSFIELD! THIS IS FANTASTIC!

TUT, TUT... JUST A LITTLE WHIM OF MINE! TAKE THIS FIFTY POUNDS AND FORGET IT!



GREAT GUNS! - THEY'RE DRINKING CHAMPAGNE!

THE DOCTOR MUST BE MAD!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

BUT MEANWHILE!

I STILL THINK THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT THIS!

NOT AT ALL, THE DOCTOR TOLD ME HE WISHED TO TREAT THE POOR PEOPLE! THAT'S ALL!!



AS SURE AS I'M ON THE SIDE OF LAW AND ORDER THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY HERE!... DOCTOR MANSFIELD, EH...



THAT FACE! IT'S MIGHTY FAMILIAR! NOW WHERE HAVE I SEEN IT BEFORE?



THUNDERING CATFISH! - OF COURSE!! THE PHONEY IGMA TAE6STROM!!!



AND NOW LET US DRINK A TOAST TO BETTER DAYS AND...



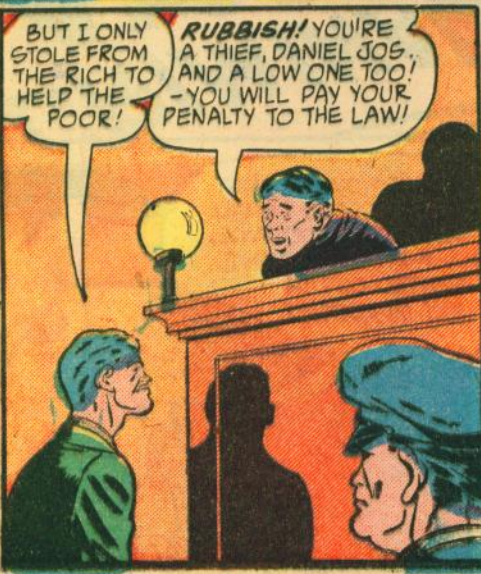
...AND BETTER JAILS! - YOU THIEF!



IN COURT, DANIEL JOS TRIED TO SHOW HIMSELF AS A MODERN ROBINHOOD! - BUT THE JUDGE WAS NOT FOOLED!

BUT I ONLY STOLE FROM THE RICH TO HELP THE POOR!

RUBBISH! YOU'RE A THIEF, DANIEL JOS. AND A LOW ONE TOO! - YOU WILL PAY YOUR PENALTY TO THE LAW!



AH ME, IF A CLEVER MAN LIKE MYSELF CANNOT FOOL THE LAW, WHO CAN? I MUST ADMIT - CRIME DOES NOT PAY ONE BIT!!!





# CASE OF THE CONFIDENT KILLER

THUS DID HENRY  
PODMORE, LIAR,  
THIEF AND MURDER-  
ER BELIEVE... BUT  
THE HAND OF JUSTICE  
SOMETIMES MOVES  
IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS  
... AND IT WAS FATE  
THAT HENRY PODMORE  
SHOULD DIE...  
SOUTHAMPTON, ENGLAND 1929

HEH HEH!  
JUST AS I  
THOUGHT!  
THEY CAN'T  
HANG ME!  
IT'S NOT  
LEGAL!

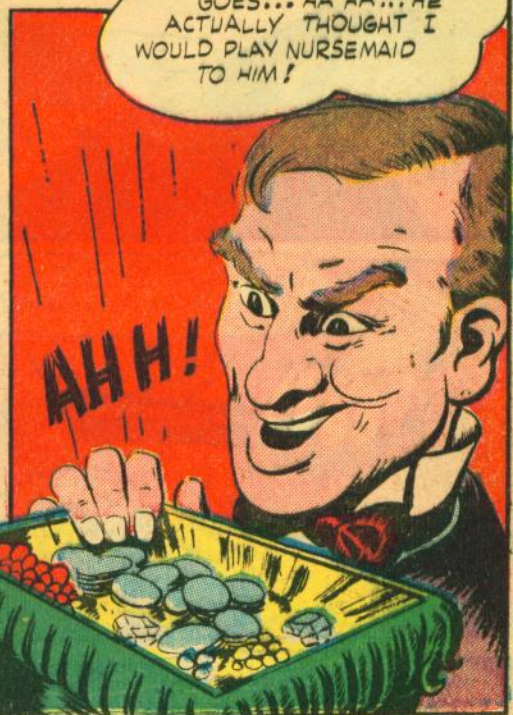
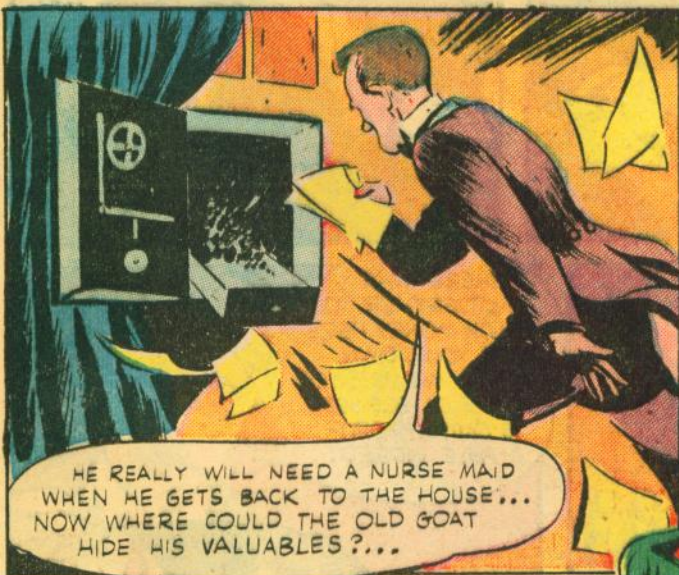


AH! WHAT A  
BEAUTIFUL  
MORNING..  
A GREAT DAY  
FOR WORK!

NOW I WONDER WHAT  
CLEVER DEEDS I SHALL  
ACCOMPLISH TODAY..  
HM-M-M-M... SERVANT  
WANTED OUT IN  
BAY MEADOWS!

HELP WANTED





TIME PASSED BY AND PODMORE BECAME MORE DARING AND CLEVER WITH EACH CRIME... THEN FINALLY...







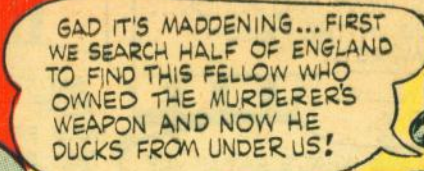




"THUS BEGAN THE LONG TRAIL FOR SCOTLAND YARD TO FOLLOW....MONTHS PASSED AND FINALLY..."



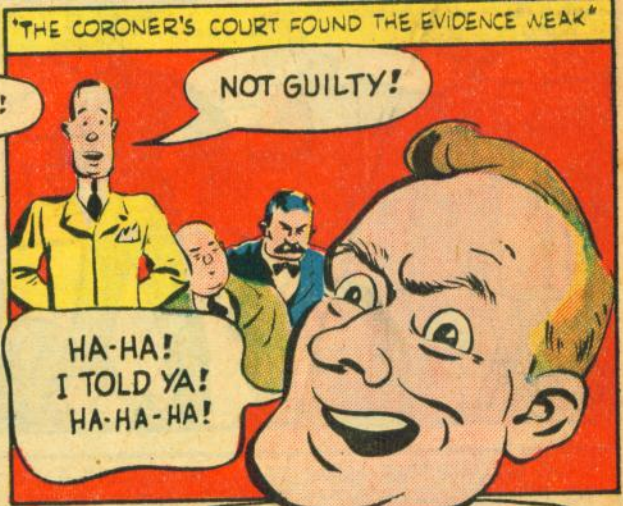
HE'S A CLEVER FIEND ALL RIGHT LET'S SEE IF THE PEOPLE CAN IDENTIFY HIM FROM OUR ROGUES GALLERY!



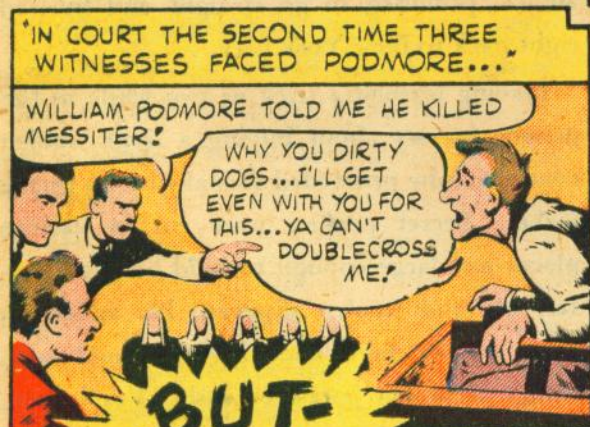
"AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS THAT DAY THE BIG BREAK CAME..."













# THE OLD MAN OF CRIME

By DICK WOOD

**M**R. MILLER, alias Joe Kart, settled down in the cell in Sing Sing prison and smiled contentedly to himself. The iron bars and dark prison corridors had long since become a source of comfort to him. For nearly half a century he had been paying periodic visits to Sing Sing and each trip brought him closer and closer to the place. Whatever else might be said of Joe Kart, he had lived an active life. It had all begun when he was a husky lad of fifteen in New York City. At that tender age young Joe decided that his was going to be an easy life. He would be a thief. From the day he first swiped a red apple till his 66th birthday he kept diligently at his job. The implements of Joe's work were unique in their simplicity. A dime glass cutter, a jimmy and old woolen slippers made up his criminal attire. He also wore an old overcoat that was his pride and joy.

At fifteen when he was young and spry it had been a simple matter to skip about from house to house cutting his way in and slipping away again. Of course he had only operated for a few months when the law pounced out of nowhere and put him behind bars for his first stretch. Joe wasn't discouraged though. Every business has its ups and downs. One must expect a few setbacks when starting out, Joe Kart must have reasoned. Promptly upon his release he fled to New York City and

started in business where he had left off. This time things were a bit more difficult. The police kept a close eye on him and he was forced to invent novel methods of eluding them. At first it had been interesting but then the novelty wore off and in his panic he made another one of those inevitable slips. He was twenty-five this time and Sing Sing prison welcomed him warmly. The months passed and once again Joe had served his burglary sentence. He thanked the warden warmly for his advice, promised to go straight and hurried right back to New York City.

Having learned a trick or two while in the prison, Joe set about buying a large woolen coat which he proceeded to make into a thief's jacket. Secret pockets were cut in various places just large enough to hold his glass cutter, file and woolen slippers. He added an extra pocket here and there to hold such things as stolen jewels or cash. Yes indeed, Joe was not missing a trick and when some years later they caught him inside a country home trying to open a safe he made comment that his progress had been quite good, everything considered. Thus it went on until Joe was fifty-five years old. Every ten years without fail he would end up behind bars and every ten years the police would shake their heads and wonder if there would never be an end to Joe Kart's rotten career. His crimes were of a petty nature, but Joe Kart was be-



coming a very bothersome criminal indeed.

Now Joe was fifty-five and he was being released from Sing Sing for the fourth time.

"Joe," the warden said. "We think you have visited with us quite long enough. We don't want to see you here again."

"No," replied Joe, "I think at long last I have learned my lesson. I shall perhaps go to the country and raise pigs or something."

As Joe walked away from his "home" on the Hudson, he frowned. If he followed his plans badly he would have to return there again for good and it was a hard thought to take. He put a hand deep inside his old woolen overcoat and brought out a fistful of something shiny. He couldn't help but laugh as he held the cluster of jewels out in the sun. All the time he had been in prison they had been concealed in his trick overcoat and the police had never known. It had been well worth all his efforts in cutting the secret pockets for now he could cash them in and have enough to start raising pigs in the country . . . what a laugh. All he wanted to raise was more money. In the city, walking down Sixth Ave. he stopped and gazed at himself in one of the store windows. How he had changed. The former husky body he once had had melted into a sloppy mess. He was white haired and wrinkled beyond his years. A lifetime of crime had not treated Joe Kart kindly. Once more he clutched the fistfull of jewels in his pocket and a sly smile broke out across his face. This was no time to quit a life of crime. Why he would wilt away and die if he quit now—crime was in his blood. Joe Kart turned suddenly and hurried down a side street. A hundred or so dollars worth of

jewels shouldn't be so hard to get rid of.

It was several evenings later when Officer Crandall heard the high pitched shriek of a woman on a corner block. Together with a companion officer they sprinted to the scene and listened patiently while the frantic woman described her horrible experience. She had been in bed but a few hours when a dark shape had suddenly appeared at her window. For several minutes she had watched it, too horrified to cry out. Then suddenly the middle of the window fell back and a huge man in a bulky overcoat entered. Finally managing to find her voice she had let out a wild shriek and the man had rushed down the staircase and out the front door. Having control of herself now she followed him out shrieking and watched him cut across the back yard into the darkness. For a split moment the officers looked at each other. The technique of the crime screamed of Joe Kart. Was it possible that he had gone off the deep end again. Swinging around the block in opposite directions, it wasn't long before they saw the puffing figure of a man up ahead running through the darkness. When they spun their man around they could hardly believe their eyes. It was old Joe Kart all right. A sly grin wrinkling his face. "I could have gotten away from you ten years ago," he said. "Guess my age is catching up with me—and it's a good thing for you cops," he added.

Later the Assistant District Attorney had plenty to say. He rightly decided that Joe Kart after fifty years of burglary would be a hard person to reform. Thus it is that foolish Joe will spend the remaining years of his life behind the cold grey walls of Sing Sing prison.



# Profit in Corpses

HO! HO!... I'M RICH!  
I'M RICH!... LITTLE DO THE  
POLICE REALIZE THAT I, JOHN  
STOREY AM THE MOST  
VICIOUS KILLER THIS  
SIDE OF THE MISSISSIPPI...  
AND MAKING A PROFIT  
AT IT TOO!



YES INDEED, JOHN STOREY COULD WELL LAY CLAIM TO HIS BOAST FOR AS YOU SOON SHALL  
SEE HE WAS INDEED A THING OF TERROR...

IT WAS JUST ANOTHER QUIET EVENING IN DURANT  
OKLAHOMA ON AUGUST 23RD 1938... UNTIL...

WHEN THE RESCUE PARTY ARRIVED  
THE SHACK WAS BURNED TO THE GROUND  
AND MRS STOREY HAD PERISHED IN THE  
FATAL FIRE

**FIRE!**

MOTHER'S IN  
THE SHACK AND  
IT'S ON FIRE!

AIN'T THAT  
ONE OF JOHN  
STOREY'S YOUNG  
'UNS?

RECKON  
SO!

YOU SAY  
YOU WERE  
IN THE VICINITY  
AT THE TIME  
OF THE FIRE,  
MR STOREY?

YEAH! I'D BEEN  
DOWNTOWN AND WAS  
ON MY WAY HOME  
WHEN I SAW THE  
FLAMES COMING  
FROM THE SHACK  
... POOR MAM!

SOB!  
SOB!





CAN YOU GIVE ANY EXPLANATION WHY MRS. STOREY WAS IN THE SHACK AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT?

CAN'T RECOLLECT SHERIFF... UNLESS MAR GOT ANOTHER TOUCH OF ASTHMA!

YOU SEE, SHERIFF, A DRINK OF WINE HELPS TO EASE HER PAIN... WE KEEP THE WINE IN THE SHACK... RECKON SHE MUST OF GONE FOR SOME AND TIPPED THE LANTERN OVER!

THEN IN ALL PROBABILITY IT WAS AN ACCIDENTAL DEATH I'M SORRY TO HAVE TROUBLED YOU WITH THESE QUESTIONS AT THIS TIME MR. STOREY!

OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT SHERIFF I UNDERSTAND THE POSITION YOU'RE IN!

AFTER FURTHER INVESTIGATION THE CASE WAS CLOSED... BUT DOUBT STILL RESTED IN SHERIFF WILLIAMS' MIND...

GORDON, I'M NOT CONVINCED THAT MRS. STOREY'S DEATH WAS "ACCIDENTAL"... DIG UP ALL THE FACTS ON STOREY'S LIFE AND REPORT THEM TO ME AS QUICK AS POSSIBLE!

I'LL DO MY BEST SHERIFF!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

SHERIFF WILLIAMS!.. I'VE FOUND SOME IMPORTANT INFORMATION THAT MAY PROVE YOU'RE RIGHT!

WHAT!

WHEN THE STOREYS WERE LIVING IN GAINSVILLE TEXAS TWO YEARS AGO TWO OF THEIR SONS WERE KILLED STOREY HAD INSURANCE POLICIES ON THEM AND COLLECTED A LARGE SUM OF MONEY!

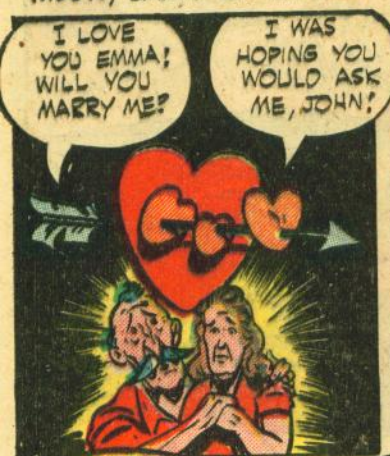
WE MAY HAVE SOMETHING HERE CONTACT THE GAINSVILLE POLICE AND HAVE THEM CHECK THOSE DEATHS, I'LL CHECK ON MRS. STOREY'S DEATH MYSELF!



MEANWHILE, AT STOREY'S HOUSE...



STOREY MOVED TO ARKANSAS AND WAS THERE BUT A FEW MONTHS WHEN HE MET THE WIDOW, EMMA CHAPMAN...



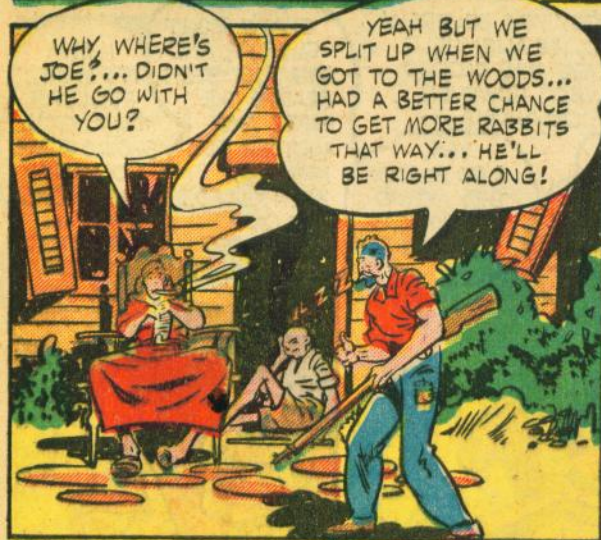
AND SO THEY WERE MARRIED



THE MONTHS PASSED AND THINGS BEGAN TO LOOK GOOD FOR THE STOREY FAMILY UNTIL...









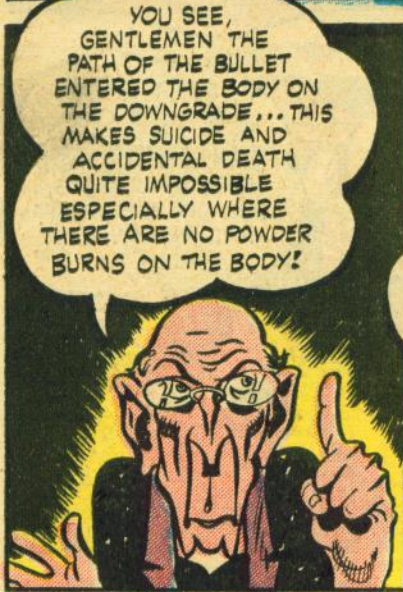


SOMEONE GO BACK TO TOWN AND GET THE CORONER HE'D BETTER LOOK AT THE BODY BEFORE WE MOVE IT!



GENTLEMEN, THIS IS MURDER!

WHAT?



YOU SEE, GENTLEMEN, THE PATH OF THE BULLET ENTERED THE BODY ON THE DOWNGRADE... THIS MAKES SUICIDE AND ACCIDENTAL DEATH QUITE IMPOSSIBLE ESPECIALLY WHERE THERE ARE NO POWDER BURNS ON THE BODY!

AFTER STOREY WAS SEVERELY QUESTIONED, HIS ALIBI HELD AND THE CASE WAS CLOSED AS 'UNSOLVED' HOWEVER IN DURANT OKLAHOMA...

SHERIFF TAYLOR, DO YOU REMEMBER THAT STOREY CASE SHERIFF WILLIAMS AND I WERE TALKING TO YOU ABOUT?

YES, I DO GORDON, THEY MOVED TO ARKANSAS I BELIEVE!

THAT'S RIGHT SHERIFF, AND I'VE JUST BEEN READING THE PAPER AND ANOTHER SON HAS JUST BEEN KILLED.. THE CASE WAS CLOSED AS UNSOLVED!

H-M-M IT'S MIGHTY PECULIAR THAT DEATH SHOULD STRIKE SO MANY TIMES IN ONE FAMILY... I THINK WE'D BETTER LOOK INTO THIS GORDON!



SHERIFF WILLIAM'S PREDECESSOR LOST NO TIME AND BY THE FOLLOWING MORNING HE WAS IN DEQUEEN, ARKANSAS...



YOU SAY YOU FOUND THESE INSURANCE POLICIES IN MR. STOREY'S DESK? WHY DO YOU SHOW THEM TO US?

TO BE FRANK WITH YOU SHERIFF, I THINK MY HUSBAND IS A MURDERER!



WHAT MAKES YOU COME TO THAT CONCLUSION, MRS. STOREY?

THE DAY THAT JOHN CAME BACK FROM RABBIT HUNTING HE WENT IN TO WASH HIS HANDS... LATER ON WHEN I WENT UP-STAIRS THE BASIN WAS STILL FULL OF WATER AND THERE WERE STREAKS OF BLOOD IN IT!





HE DIDN'T HAVE NO RABBIT WITH HIM SO THAT MADE GET ME SUSPICIOUS, LATER WHEN I QUESTIONED THE YOUNG UNS THEY TOLD ME ABOUT THEIR MOTHER AND BROTHERS BEING KILLED AND WHEN I FOUND THE POLICIES I KNEW I HAD THE MOTIVE BEHIND THEIR DEATHS!



JOHN STOREY, I ARREST YOU FOR THE MURDERS OF YOUR WIFE IN DURANT OKLAHOMA AND YOUR SON, JOE!

YOU HAVEN'T GOT A THING ON ME... I WOULDN'T KILL MY OWN WIFE AND KID!



YOU KILLED YOUR WIFE! YOU MURDERED YOUR SON! ADMIT IT STOREY! YOU KILLED THEM!

NO NO NO NO!



FINALLY AFTER EIGHT DAYS OF GRILLING...

ALLRIGHT! I DID IT I CONFESS STOP GRILLING ME WILL YAH!



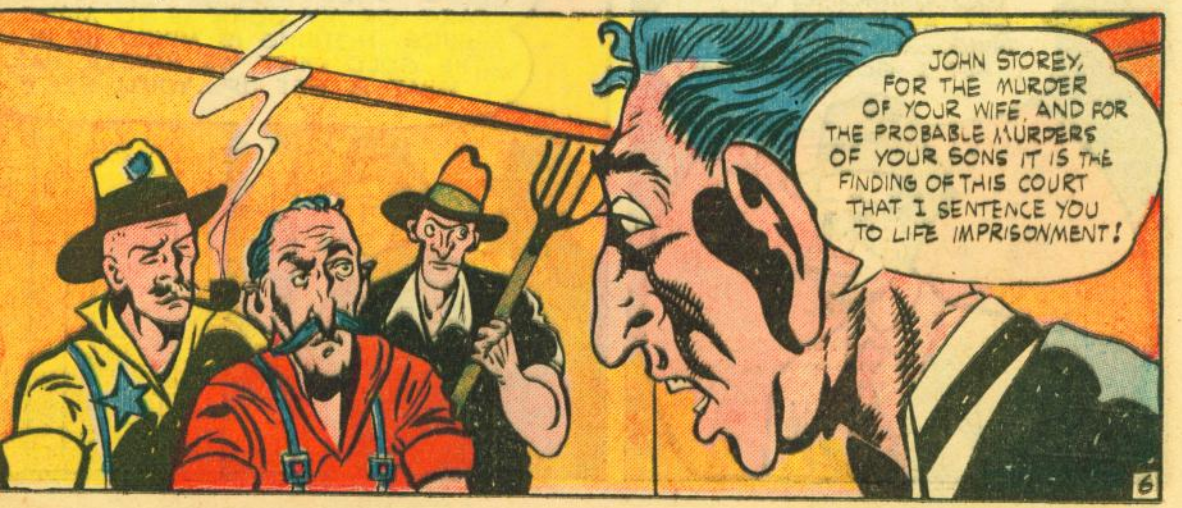
I KILLED MY WIFE... SHE WENT OUT TO THE SHACK AND I FOLLOWED HER WHEN SHE KNEELED DOWN I HIT HER ON THE HEAD WITH THE LANTERN... THEN I SET THE PLACE ON FIRE...

AND WHAT ABOUT YOUR OTHER SONS?



THAT'S ALL I'M CONFESSIN' TO SEE! YOU AIN'T MAKIN' ME TALK NO MORE!

WHEN THE POLICE CHECKED THE INSURANCE CO. IT WAS FOUND THAT STOREY HAD COLLECTED MORE THAN \$4,000. DOLLARS FROM THE DEATHS IN HIS FAMILY... HIS WAS A LIFE OF CRIME THAT SHOCKED EVEN HARDENED OFFICERS OF THE LAW AND THE STEEL ARM OF JUSTICE FELL SWIFTLY...



JOHN STOREY, FOR THE MURDER OF YOUR WIFE, AND FOR THE PROBABLE MURDERS OF YOUR SONS IT IS THE FINDING OF THIS COURT THAT I SENTENCE YOU TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT!



# THE WOULD BE PERFECT *Crime*

A TRUE CRIME STORY BY DICK WOOD... DRAWN BY R.W. HALL





THUS IT WAS THAT AS GEORGE ADAMS GLOATED... THE ASSAY OFFICIALS WORRIED...

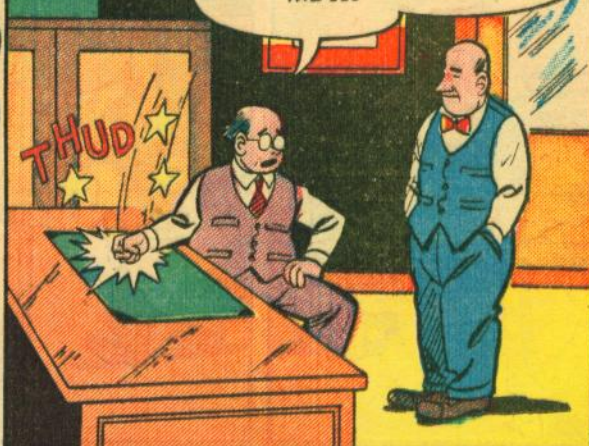
GOOD GRIEF!...

WE'RE ALMOST \$100,000 SHORT IN OUR GOLD DUST...

IT'S VERY PUZZLING... WE WATCH EVERYONE CLOSELY, YET SOMEONE MUST BE DOING IT...



BY THUNDER I'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS THING... IF IT KILLS ME...



And so that day when GEORGE ADAMS came to work...

GOOD MORNING -- AH... YOU LOVELY THING!

HELLO MR. ADAMS!



GOODNESS THAT MR ADAMS IS AN AWFUL SPORT -- I DON'T KNOW HOW HE DOES IT ON HIS SALARY HERE... THEY SAY HE HAS A NEW CAR, TOO!



WELL, WELL, WELL... ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL WORKING DAY... TA-DE DUM...

HUMPH... WHAT'S BEAUTIFUL ABOUT WORKING HERE ALL DAY... YOU MUST BE NUTS!!

THE FOOL... IF HE ONLY KNEW... OH WELL... IT'S ALL HOW YOU LOOK AT IT!

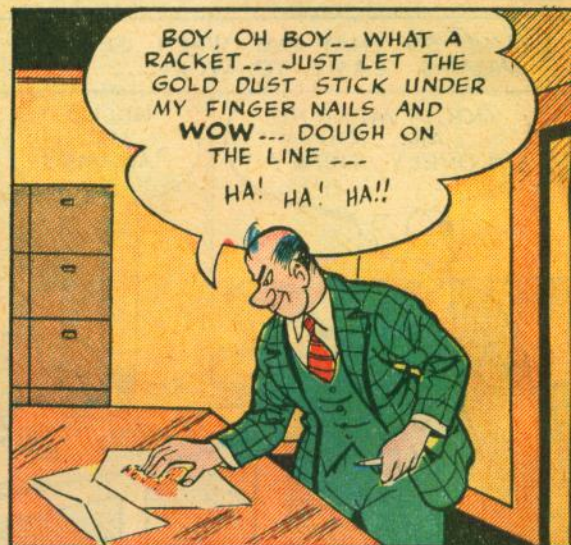
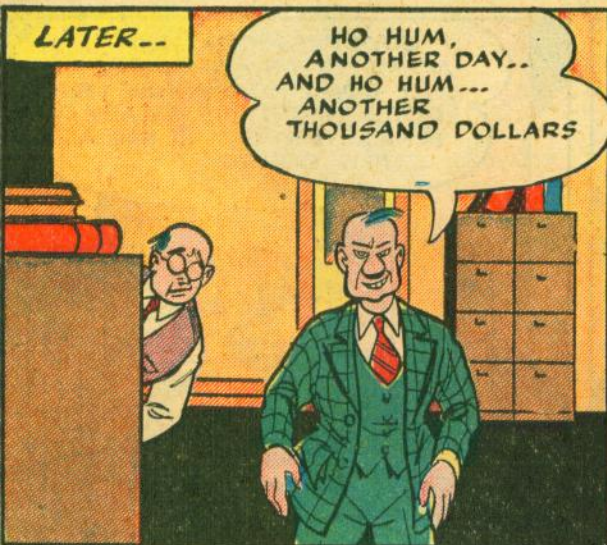
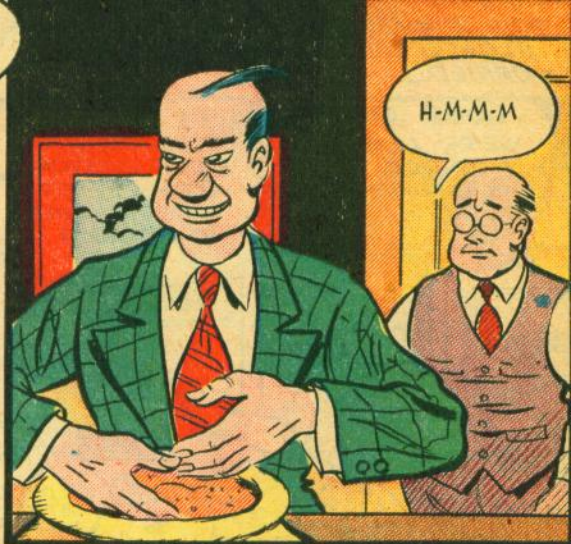


MEANWHILE...

THERE'S A LEAK SOMEWHERE... LET'S SEE, NOW...





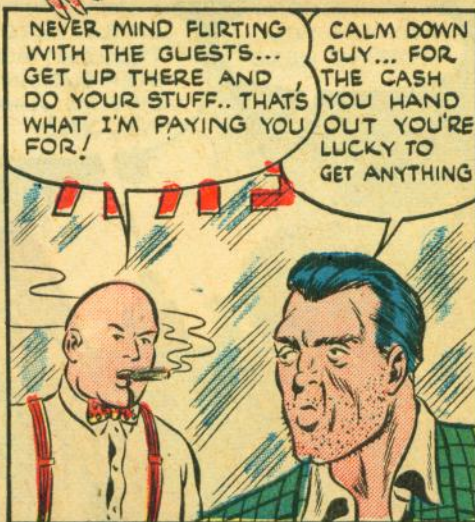
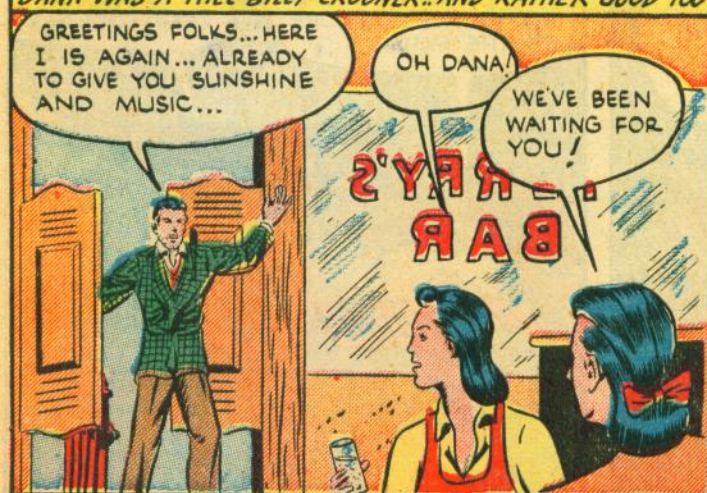




# The SINGING SLAYER



DANA WAS A HILL-BILLY CROONER..AND RATHER GOOD TOO





BUT LIKE MOST HILL-BILLY SINGERS  
AT THAT TIME, HE DIDN'T HAVE MUCH  
MONEY SO....



LISTEN, DANA, YOU'VE  
OWED ME TWENTY  
DOLLARS FOR MONTHS  
HOW ABOUT IT?

SURE - SURE  
I'VE GOT A  
GOOD JOB  
COMING UP  
SOON... GIVE  
IT TO YOU IN  
A DAY OR  
SO!



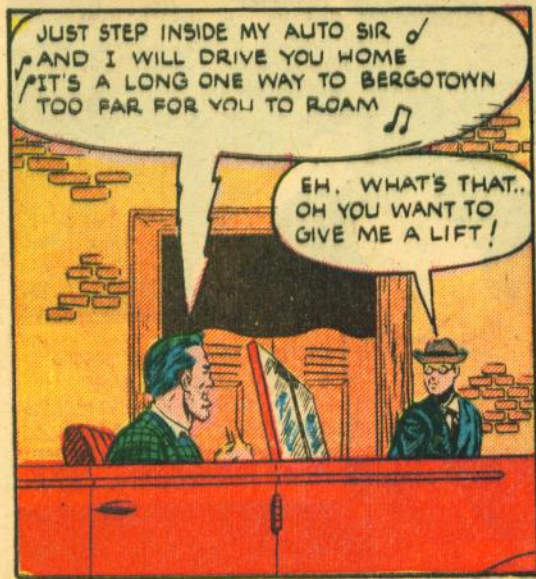
BAH, WHAT A BUSINESS...  
I HAVEN'T GOT ENOUGH  
TO EAT RIGHT, LET ALONE  
PAY GEORGE BACK HIS  
TWENTY!



WELL, I BETTER  
GET WALKING BACK  
TO TOWN... GOT  
TO PAY MY TAXES  
TO-DAY... OVER A  
HUNDRED DOLLARS  
WORTH!

PAY IT  
WHILE YOU  
HAVE IT,  
MR. PALAIS

H-M-M



JUST STEP INSIDE MY AUTO SIR  
AND I WILL DRIVE YOU HOME  
IT'S A LONG ONE WAY TO BERGOTOWN  
TOO FAR FOR YOU TO ROAM

EH.. WHAT'S THAT..  
OH YOU WANT TO  
GIVE ME A LIFT!



HA, HA, HA, THAT'S  
A CUTE WAY OF  
OFFERING A RIDE..  
YOU'RE A SONGSTER,  
ALRIGHT!

THAT'S RIGHT...  
HAPPY DANA, THAT'S  
ME... SINGING DAY  
AND NIGHT!



WHY ARE YOU  
STOPPING HERE?

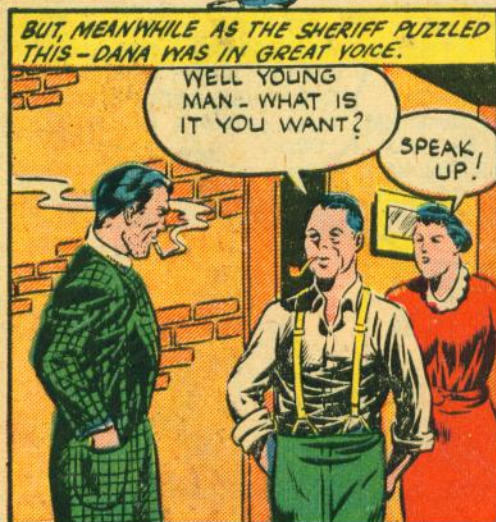
LITTLE MOTOR  
TROUBLE MISTER  
STEP OUT AND  
GIVE ME A HAND  
WILL YA?



I DON'T SEE ANYTHING  
WRONG... ARE YOU SURE  
IT'S THE MOTOR?

OF COURSE...  
KEEP LOOKING!









YOU FIEND, YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, I'LL . I'LL ....

SCREAMING WOMEN ANNOY ME!



♪ YOU MADE ME DO IT  
I DIDN'T WANT TO  
DO IT. ♪  
NOW KEEP QUIET!

WHEN THE TERRIFIED COUPLE HAD TOLD THEIR STORY, THE SHERIFF LOST NO TIME IN REACHING TERRY'S TAVERN

A SINGING THIEF... THAT FITS IN WITH THE SONG REQUEST TAG WE FOUND ON PALAIS... THE KILLER MUST BE ONE OF THE CROONERS!

HE MUST BE NUTS!



YEAH, THAT'S ONE OF THEM... BUT HE WON'T DO NO HARM!

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT



LAST TUESDAY NIGHT, DID YOU SEE THAT FELLOW LEAVE WITH PALAIS?

WHY NO... BUT A FELLOW NAMED DANA WHO SINGS SOMETIMES LEFT SHORTLY AFTER PALAIS THEN CAME BACK LATER.



LAST NIGHT A COUPLE WAS ROBBED... THE WOMAN BADLY BEATEN, THE THIEF RESEMBLED YOU... HE'S A KILLER TOO

ME? WHY I WAS HERE ALL NIGHT!

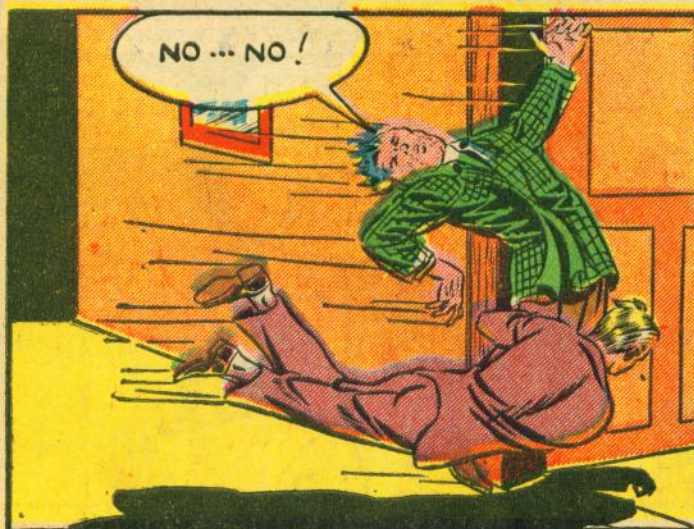
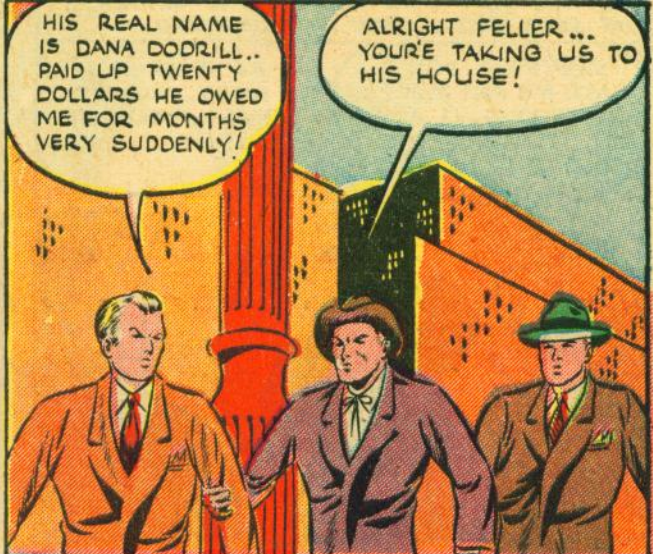
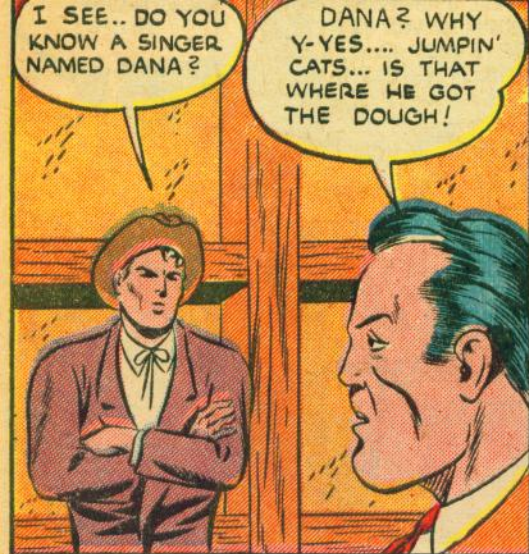


SURE, THAT COMES FROM HERE.... THEY'RE DRAWN FROM HATS AND THE ONE WHOSE NUMBER IS UP GETS HIS SONG SUNG!

I SEE... IS THAT YOUR SINGER OVER THERE?









BUT THE ODDS WERE AGAINST THE SINGER....  
HE SOON BROKE DOWN AND CONFESSED

STOP, STOP.. DON'T  
ASK ME ANY MORE  
QUESTIONS... I ADMIT  
IT... I KILLED THE  
OLD GUY!

AS IF WE DIDN'T  
KNOW... ALRIGHT  
MEN... TAKE HIM  
OUT!

WELL I GUESS  
DODRILL WON'T  
BE SINGING  
FOR A WHILE!

RECKON  
NOT!

DON'T LOOK AT ME ASTONISHED  
SIR, DON'T LOOK AT ME AND  
FROWN.. I AM THE ONE WHO  
KILLED A MAN JUST SEVEN  
MILES FROM TOWN..

WHAT'S THAT?

YES, NOW THE LAW HAS GOT ME ??  
FOR A CRIME I'LL HAVE TO PAY  
THEY'LL HANG ME FROM A SCAFFOLD  
THE 20<sup>th</sup> DAY OF MAY ??

SUFFERIN'  
HANNAH!

HE MUST  
BE DIPPY!

BUT DOCTORS DECIDED DODRILL SANE AND HE  
WAS SENTENCED TO.....

AND YOU WILL BE  
HUNG BY THE NECK  
UNTIL DEAD!

OH-H

THE GOVERNOR HOWEVER, CONVINCED OF DANA  
DODRILL'S LOW MENTALITY CHANGED THE  
VERDICT

NO ONE OF NORMAL  
INTELLIGENCE COULD  
WRITE SUCH FANTASTIC  
VERSE... I'LL COMMUTE  
HIS SENTENCE TO  
LIFE IMPRISONMENT!

YES SIR!



# Who Dunnit?

FROM THE  
CRIME  
NOTEBOOK  
of  
DICK  
BRADFORD





THE WHOLE TOP OF THE HOUSE WAS BLOWN OFF.

AT LEAST WE'VE GOT THE FIRE UNDER CONTROL.



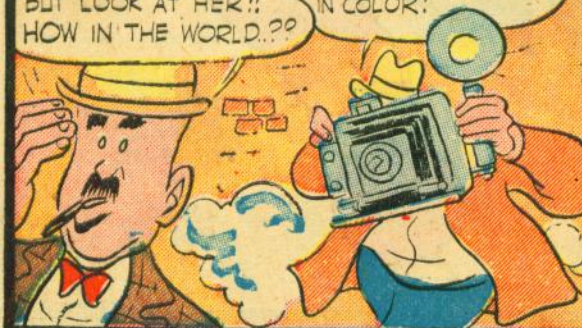
THE CELLAR'S INTACT. LOOK LIKE SOME KIND OF LABORATORY.

GOOD GRIEF! LOOK!



LOLA HART! THERE SHE IS -- ALIVE -- BUT LOOK AT HER!! HOW IN THE WORLD...??

LET ME GET A PICTURE OF THAT-- IN COLOR!

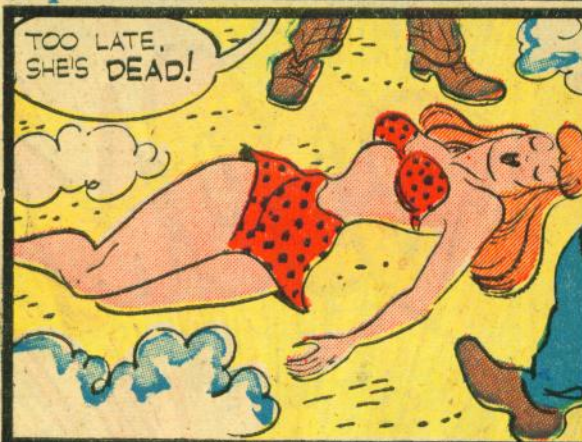


HURRY UP AND BREAK IT! SHE'S SUFFOCATING!!

CAN'T BE TOO ROUGH. GOTTA TAKE IT EASY.



TOO LATE. SHE'S DEAD!



NOW BOYS--THIS IS AN ASTOUNDING CASE. LOLA HART WAS THE VICTIM OF A CRAZED FIEND, AND WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM--OR HER. WE'RE NOT GOING TO BREAK THE STORY IN THE NEWSPAPERS YET. IT'LL LET THE FIEND GET AWAY. AFTER WE FIND HIM, I'LL RETURN THIS PHOTOGRAPH AND THE STORY CAN BE RUN.



FROM NOW ON, YOU'RE THE DETECTIVE. LOLA HART DIED IN THE BURNED HOUSE YOU'RE TO FIND OUT WHO DUNNIT. FIRST, YOU MUST LEARN WHO LIVED IN THAT HOUSE..

Renting Agent

NOBODY LIVED THERE!! IT WAS VACANT!!



CRYSTAL GLASS CO.

PERHAPS I CAN HELP. I HAD TO FILL AN ORDER FOR A CERTAIN TYPE OF GLASS, TO BE DELIVERED TO THAT HOUSE.

I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE UNOCCUPIED, AND MY ORDERS WERE TO PUT THE STUFF IN THE CELLAR. I DID.





WHAT'S THAT? YOU WANT TO KNOW WHO SOME OF MY CUSTOMERS ARE? THERE ARE SEVERAL SODA BOTTLING COMPANIES, AND THREE PRIVATE INDIVIDUALS--WALLY HUGHES, RITA ROLLINS, AND PAUL MORGAN.



WHAT IS MY BUSINESS? I'M A CHEMIST, AND THE WORK I DO IS A SECRET EVEN TO YOU.



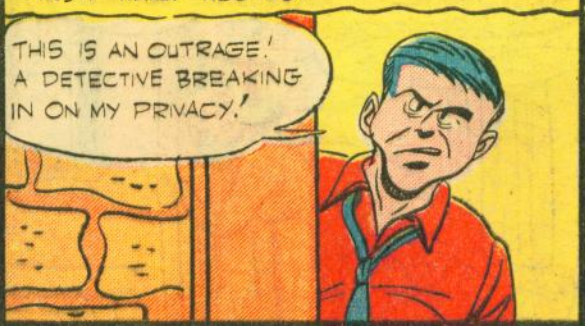
LOLA HART? WHAT ABOUT HER? SURE, I KNEW HER! I HATED HER ENOUGH TO WANT TO KILL HER! SHE WAS THE CAUSE OF MY DIVORCE FROM MY DEAR WIFE WHOM I LOVED--AND MY TWO KIDS! SHE WAS A NO GOOD LITTLE RAT!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT A NICE DETECTIVE WOULD WANT FROM ME, BUT LET'S HAVE A COOL DRINK BEFORE WE GET DOWN TO BUSINESS.



SO YOU CALL ON THESE THREE PEOPLE. FIRST, WALLY HUGHES.



WHY DO I ORDER GLASS FROM THE CRYSTAL GLASS CO? YOU'RE A NOSEY GUY. WELL, THE GLASS BEAKERS AND TUBES I USE OFTEN BREAK AND EXPLODE, SO I FOUND IT BEST THAT I MAKE THEM MYSELF.



SO YOU MAKE SOME NOTES! CHEMIST-GLASS EXPLODES --THE HOUSE LOLA HART DIED IN EXPLODED--HUGHES HATED LOLA ENOUGH TO WANT TO KILL HER YOU GO AHEAD AND CALL ON RITA ROLLINS.



A DETECTIVE! OH-I LOVE DETECTIVES! COME ON IN, HANDSOME.



LET ME SHOW YOU MY HOBBY. OH, IT IS SO DELIGHTFUL! IT RELAXES ME SO--AND WHAT A SATISFACTION TO SEE THE RESULTS!



LOOK..



ALL MADE BY ME. PRETTY BITS OF GLASS, AREN'T THEY? I BLEW AND SHAPED THEM ALL MYSELF. THEY'RE SO FRAGILE--LIKE LITTLE KITTENS--OR LOVERS' HEARTS.



LOLA HART? WHY DO YOU ASK ME ABOUT HER? YES, I KNEW HER--AND DESPISED HER. WHY? WELL, THAT DOESN'T MATTER. I DESPISED HER SO MUCH, THAT I DON'T MIND TELLING EVEN YOU THAT I WOULD HAVE KILLED HER GLADLY!

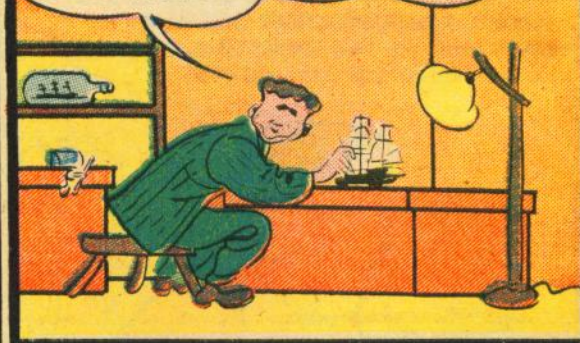


SO YOU MAKE MORE NOTES--ANOTHER PERSON WHO WOULD HAVE--COULD HAVE--KILLED LOLA HART. NOW YOU GO TO MORGAN'S HOME.

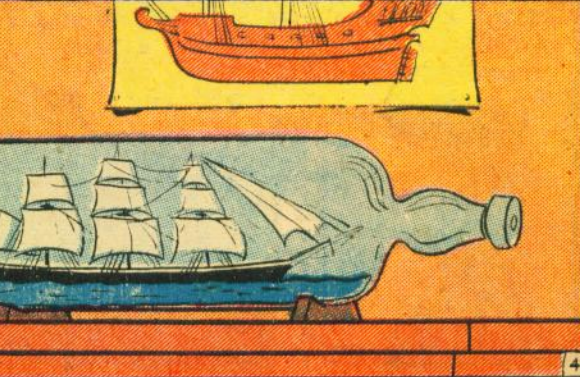


MR. MORGAN IS IN HIS WORKSHOP.

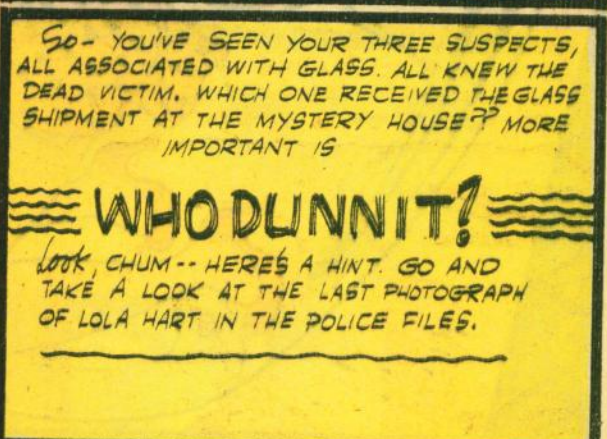
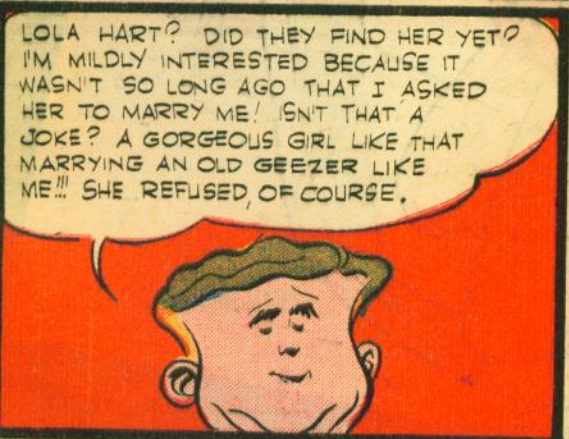
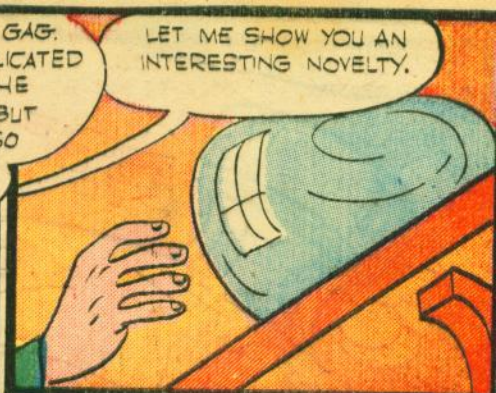
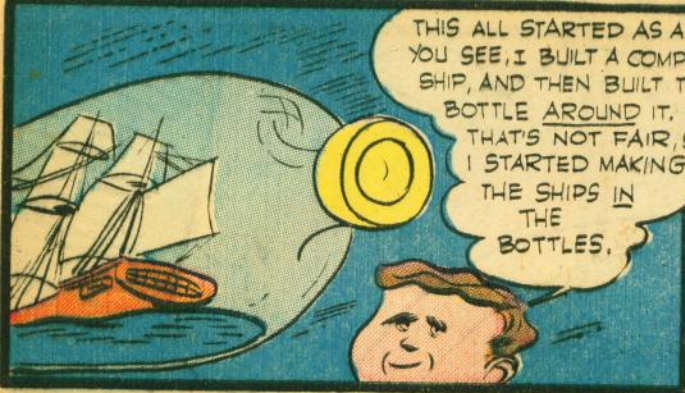
COME IN--COME IN!! EVERYBODY IS WELCOME HERE! I'M GLAD TO HAVE PEOPLE SEE MY WORK.



I BUILD SHIP MODELS IN BOTTLES. I EVEN MAKE MY OWN BOTTLES.

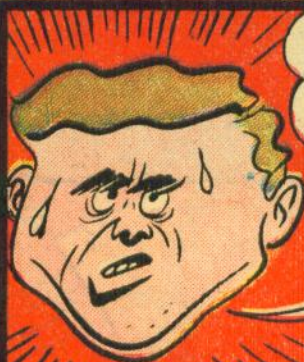
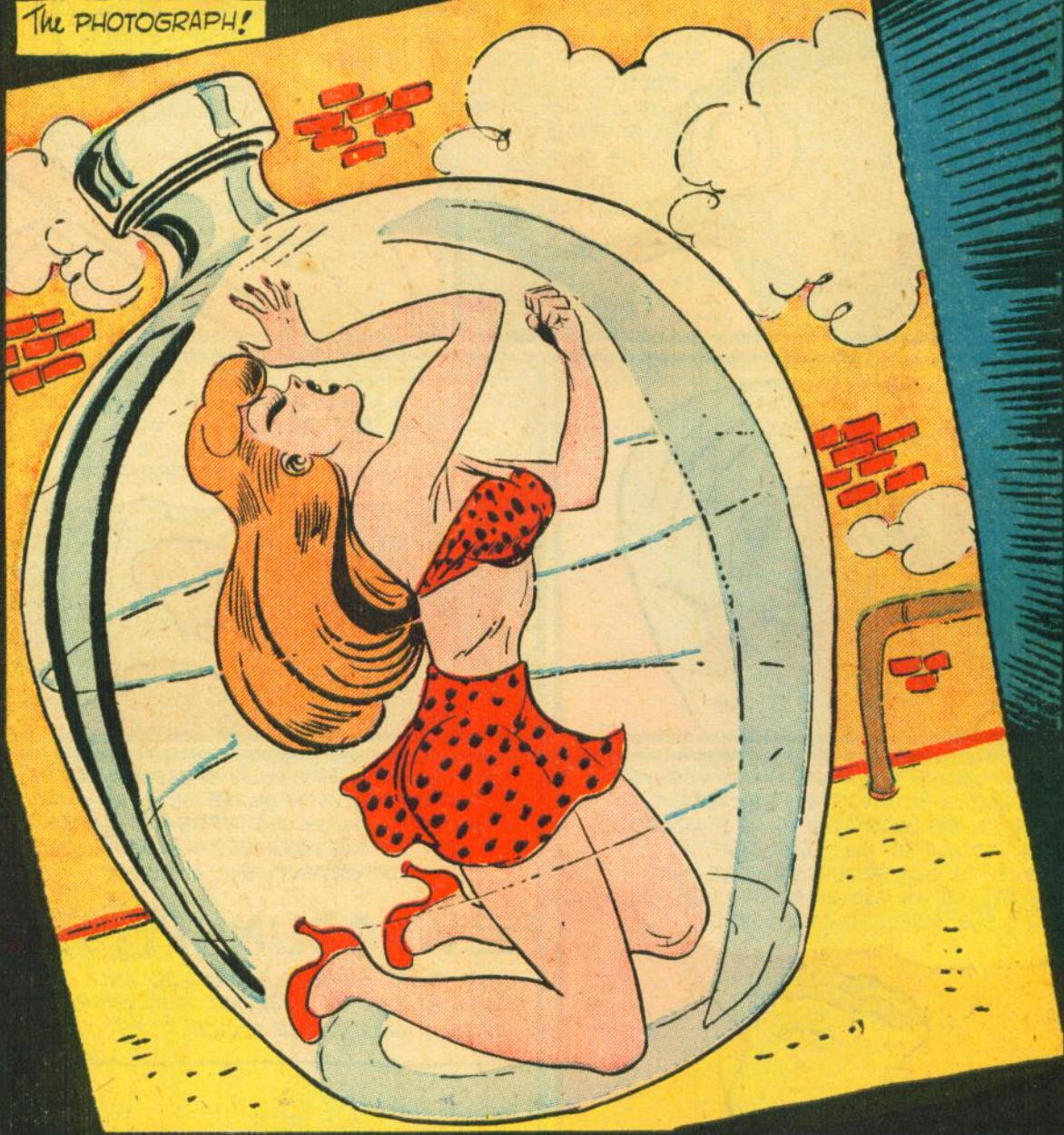








The PHOTOGRAPH!



WELL, Y'GOT ME, Y'SNEAKIN' DETECTIVE. ME LIKE A DOPE SHOWIN' Y' MY SHIPS IN BOTTLES! YES, I KIDNAPPED LOLA, BROUGHT HER TO THAT HOUSE AND BUILT THE BIG BOTTLE AROUND HER. WHAT A PRETTY SIGHT THAT WAS " THEN, WHEN I GOT TIRED OF THAT, I BLEW UP THE HOUSE AND BEAT IT. I GUESS THE FIREMEN GOT THERE TOO SOON, FOR I EXPECTED THE FIRE TO REACH THE CELLAR, THEN LOLA WOULD ROAST, THE BOTTLE WOULD BREAK AND MELT, AND I'D BE IN THE CLEAR. BUT I DIDN'T HAVE ANY LUCK THIS TIME.

O.K. I'LL COME ALONG.



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J. E. SMITH, President, National Radio Institute

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By the time you've conducted 60 sets of Experiments with Radio Parts I supply, made hundreds of measurements and tests, you'll have PRACTICAL Radio experience valuable in a good full or part-time Radio job!

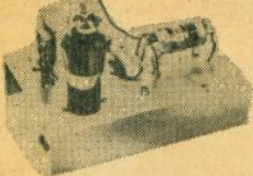
### Superheterodyne Circuit.

Preselector, oscillator-mixer first detector, i.f. stage, diode detector-a.v.c. stage, audio stage. Bring in local and distant stations on this circuit which you build!

Measuring instrument you build in Course. Use it in practical Radio work to make EXTRA money. Vacuum tube multimeter, measures A.C., D.C. and R.F. volts, D.C. currents, resistance, receiver output.



A. M. Signal-Generator. Build it yourself! Provides amplitude-modulated signals for test and experimental purposes. Gives valuable practice!



## I Trained These Men



\$10 a Week in Spare Time—"I repaired some Radios when I was on my tenth lesson. I made \$600 in a year and a half, and have made an average of \$10 a week—just spare time." JOHN JERRY, 300 South H St., Exeter, Calif.

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## Get Into a Busy Field with a Bright Peacetime Future

## I Train Beginners at Home for Good Spare Time and Full Time Radio Jobs

Here's your opportunity to get a good job in a busy field with a bright peacetime future! There is a shortage today of trained Radio Technicians and Operators. So mail the Coupon for my FREE, 64-page, illustrated book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." It describes many fascinating types of Radio jobs, tells how N.R.I. trains you at home in spare time—how you get practical experience building Radio Circuits with SIX BIG KITS OF RADIO PARTS I send!

### More Men I Trained Now Make

\$50 a Week Than Ever Before

Keeping old Radios working is booming the Radio Repair business. Profits are large. After-the-war prospects are bright. Think of the boom in Radio Sales and Servicing when new Radios are available—when Television, Frequency Modulation and Electronics can be promoted.

Broadcasting Stations, Aviation Radio, Police Radio, Loudspeaker Systems, Radio Manufacturing all offer good jobs now to qualified Radio men—and most of these fields have a big backlog of business that has built up during the war, plus opportunities to expand into new fields opened by wartime developments. You may never see a time again when it will be so easy to get a start in Radio!

### Many Beginners Soon Make \$5, \$10

a Week EXTRA in Spare Time

The day you enroll for my Course I start sending you EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS that help show how to make EXTRA money fixing Radios in spare time while still learning.

### TELEVISION, ELECTRONICS FREQUENCY MODULATION

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Find Out What N.R.I. Can Do For You MAIL COUPON for FREE 64-page book. It's packed with facts—things you never knew about opportunities in Broadcasting, Radio Servicing, Aviation Radio, other Radio fields. Read about my Course—and how you can train at home. Read many letters from men I trained. MAIL COUPON in an envelope or pasted on a penny postal!—J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 4N K5, National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D.C.

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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



Broadcasting Stations employ N. R. I. trained Radio Technicians as operators, installation, maintenance men and in other capacities and pay well.



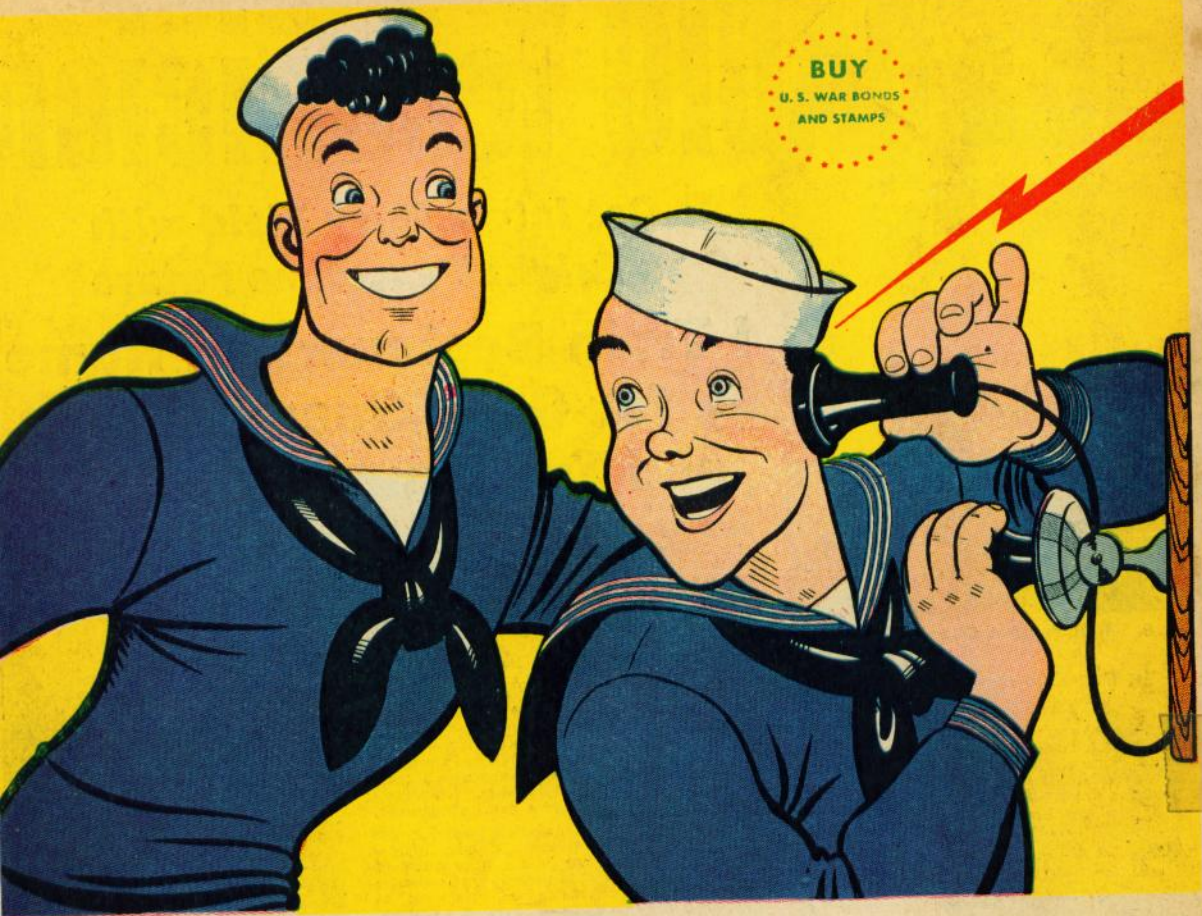
Fixing Radios pays many N.R.I. trained Radio Technicians \$50 a week. Many others hold their regular jobs and make \$5 to \$10 a week EXTRA money fixing Radios in spare time.



Radio Operators find good jobs with Shipping Companies, Police Departments, in commercial Aviation. Opportunities are increasing in these fields.







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